1487.k.29.

THE

FREQUENTED VILLAGE;

A

P O E M.

[Price, 2s. 2d.]

30
59
MAY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following POEM, which may be truly ſtiled a paſtoral one, was firſt publiſhed in LONDON, where it underwent two ſeveral Impreſſions, and was deſigned originally as a Companion to Dr. GOLDSMITH's DESERTED VILLAGE: The Editor, in Compliance with the Wiſhes of the Public, expreſſing on numberleſs Occaſions much Diſappointment in not being able to procure a Copy in IRELAND, has, with the Permiſſion of the Author, now cauſed the ſame to be reprinted here.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE

FREQUENTED VILLAGE;

A

P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO THE LATE

DR. *OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

A NEW EDITION, IMPROVED WITH ADDITIONS.

While Sports and Dance can charm; yon Verdant Spot
Blest Auburn! never be thy fame forgot.

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30
59
MAY

THE

FREQUENTED VILLAGE.

——————SOMNUS AGRESTIUM
LENIS VIRORUM, NON HUMILES DOMOS
FASTIDIT, UMBROSAMQUE RIPAM,
NON ZEPHYRIS AGITATA TEMPE.

HOR.

IN yonder vale where fragrant zephyrs blow,
Where mix'd perfumes thro' roſeate channels flow;
Where ſprightly health its flatt'ring charms diſplays,
Where guile nor dwells, nor perfidy betrays.
By envy, civil broils, and hate forſook,
All but the chiding of yon murmuring brook,
Which ſlowly winding ſteals its courſe along,
Or ſoftly prattling chants its liquid ſong:
Sweet AUBURN here with rural beauty dreſt,
That glads the heart of many a chearful gueſt;

Beloved

Beloved Auburn, favourite of the muſe,
Where blooms combin'd, their fragrant ſweets diffuſe:
While ſports and dance can charm, yon verdant ſpot
Bleſt Auburn* never be thy fame forgot!

This be my theme, I ſing the village ſcene,
The rich brocade, that bloſſoms o'er the green;
Nature's luxuriant landſcapes that delight,
Live in the mind, and glad the raviſh'd ſight;
The buſy, active ſcenes that life employ,
And temperate pleaſures which can never cloy;
The ruſtic villager, who knows nor care,
Nor ſtoops a wretched victim to deſpair;
The bowl full-flowing, and the ſmiling glaſs,
The honeſt peaſant, and the country laſs;

And

* The Author in this Poem, ſeems to have had in contemplation, the once-flouriſhing ſtate of that Village, which GOLDSMITH ſo elegantly deplores had afterwards fallen a prey to wealthy oppreſſion.

And fain, my muſe would city joys compare,
And, urg'd by freedom, manlier meaſures dare;
Her purer unpolluted fountain trace,
And the mock patriot brand with juſt diſgrace.

Oft, when the ſetting ſun ſerenely bright,
Sheds forth a deeper tinge of golden light,
When blithſome Ruth her uſual work began,
And ſought the milky nectar in her can,
When lowing herds proclaim the evening tide,
And giant ſhadows from the mountains ſtride,
When here, and there, the lonely owls complain,
And bats afford diverſion for the ſwain,
When ſighing zephyrs die along the glade,
And only kiſs the foliage thro' the mead:

In this ſoft interval of ſilent peace,
When nature's operations ſeem to ceaſe,

How

How oft ſome cot frequented have I ſought,
The wiſh'd-for refuge of the mind untaught;
There, as I ſit, and hear their various chat,
Some praiſing this, and ſome condemning that,
Two Lovers, each in youthful bloom alike,
My wand'ring eyes with more attention ſtrike,
And nature whilſt it ſtruggling fights with fear,
Conveys at length, the ſtory to my ear,
A tale, in broken accents, warm with love,
An emblem of ſimplicity above;
In words like theſe, the awkward ſwain complains,
Confus'd his looks, without ſucceſs his ſtrains!

" Ah, Suſan! lovelieſt of the lovelier fair,
With whom no maid for ſweetneſs can compare,
Whoſe heavenly face like opening roſes charms,
Whoſe every touch my glowing boſom warms,

Ah!

Why from thoſe arms, inhuman wouldſt thou fly?
Ah! why this wintry aſpect in thine eye?
That ſnowy breaſt where generous paſſions move,
The ſeat of truth, of tenderneſs, and love,
Never, ah never! will to hate incline,
Nor boaſt of chains inevitably mine;
Thoſe lips, which ſome for coral might miſtake,
Such cruel truths will never deign to ſpeak;
With pity's eye aſſuage a lover's pain,
Nor longer triumph o'er a wretched ſwain."

Then, Suſan with reſponſive ſweetneſs cries,
The chryſtal tear juſt ſtarting from her eyes,
" Alas! my plighted word's already given,
Witneſs ye ſtars, all-ſhining lamps of heaven,
When late with ſprightly Corydon I rov'd,
When he profeſs'd the warmth with which he lov'd;

The conſcious moon what follow'd can atteſt,
I bluſh'd conſent, and made a lover bleſt,
Elſe Thomas had my every thought employ'd,
And none beſide his Suſan's hand enjoy'd."

But ſee, remoter plac'd, a happier pair,
Their vows, their warmeſt wiſhes who declare,
Seal each profeſſion with a balmy kiſs,
And live to joys of more extatic bliſs!
Thus, whilſt they ſeem to interchange their ſouls,
Some quaff the generous liquor from the bowls,
Whilſt ſome to muſic lend a greedy ear,
And taſte the while, pure draughts of ſparkling beer;
In every face a placid ſmile appears,
Bereft of cares, and uncontroul'd by fears,
A buz of mingling voices ſpreads around,
Of tuneful accent, and of tickling ſound,

The ſelf-ſame ſounds, the ſelf-ſame murmurs ſwell,
When bees in ſummer court their ſtraw-built cell,
In buſy troops, re-viſiting their ſtore,
Still perſevering to encreaſe it more.

Next, Sukey, blitheſt of the virgin train,
The neateſt wench that trips along the plain,
On tip-toe moving, ſoon a ſwain eſpies,
On whom ſhe fixes her obſerving eyes,
They both in merry circles beat the ground,
And tune their feet to muſic's gladd'ning ſound;
Thus mirth and joy, the ſocial tribe delight,
'Till winged moments uſher in the night,
When each a calm repoſe is ſure to find,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of a peaceful mind.

Oh bleſs'd Content! than which no genial flame,
A fire ſo pleaſing, lights within the frame;

Whoſe

Whoſe nurturing ſweets a rich profuſion lend,
And healthful pleaſures thro' the body ſend,
Which tho' affliction opes her needy door,
A mental treaſure, never can be poor.

Or if, perchance in noon-tide's ſunny hour,
Refreſhment's ſeat I ſeek within a bower,
Or on ſome verdant hillock pleaſe my eyes,
And view the hay in fragrant mountains riſe;
Mark the neat huts, with circumſpective pride,
And plenty's crop wide-ſporting by my ſide,
Now travelling further, ſee the floating wood,
With flutt'ring pinions, ſail from whence I ſtood;
All, all around, a beauteous living ſcene,
One verdant turf, one cultivated green.

Happy the ſpot that human culture knows,
Where plenty ſits, and every bleſſing grows,

Where golden Ceres leads her ſmiling train,
And ſpreads her gifts diffuſive o'er the plain,
Where every ſocial virtue rears its head,
And peace and joy come dancing o'er the mead;
Thrice happy, ſure, this dear FREQUENTED vale,
Where mimic-Eden wafts its ſpicy gale.

Or if, deſcending from the ſloping hill,
My errant ſteps conduct me to a rill,
How ſweet its pebbl'd muſic charms the ear,
How gay the trout with glittering veſts appear,
With tim'rous, twiſted ſallies as they ſport,
And ſhun the place where hoſtile men reſort;
Inſidious oft to gild the ſpecious hook,
And cheat the finny tenants of the brook;
Whilſt oft the painted inſect of an hour,
Invites to death, and ſhines but to devour:

Here whilſt I pauſe, and nature's works admire,
Vex'd by no care, inflam'd by no deſire,
Whilſt ſcarce a blaſt of interruption wakes,
And the rude guſt the flow'ry dale forſakes;
No whiſtling winds to bid the groves complain,
Or ſighing, waft their melancholy ſtrain,
The whiſpering breezes ſcarce a murmur make,
Kiſs but the leaves, or breathe within the brake,
Stol'n from myſelf, by Contemplation's hand,
At length mine eyes their vacant orbs expand,
Sudden from yonder hill, a tumult ſpreads
Its doubtful language, downward thro' the glades,
Again, the vallies with loud echoes ring,
And ſhouts increaſing clearer accents bring;
Awak'd, aloft with ſummon'd zeal I haſte,
My eyes confirm my too prophetic breaſt;
The vocal dogs purſue with tuneful cries,
And ſoon, too ſoon, the fearful leveret dies.

So

So ſome ſoft maid, in ſtar malignant born,
A friendleſs orphan, deſtitute, forlorn;
Whoſe timid texture, vice itſelf might charm,
Soft pity cauſe, and ruffian rage diſarm,
Awhile unknown, on bounty's hand ſhe thrives,
And in ſome friendly cottage, thankful lives;
But, if, alas! the rake of wealthy power,
Should chance to ſee her, in a luckleſs hour,
In ſwift purſuit, he hunts the timorous maid,
She dies at length, a thouſand ways betray'd.

But, hark! the awful bell's alarming tone,
Proclaims a neighbour from the village gone;
An age which veneration mark'd its own,
Prolong'd a life to human ills unknown,
That gentle counſel, which in balmy ſhowers,
Refreſh'd the ſoul, and gladſome made the hours,

That

That zeal, which once with pleaſure we ſurvey'd,
All, all his virtues vaniſh'd and decay'd;
Up yonder hill, the decent mourners bend,
A crowded train the funeral pomp attend,
With ſolemn pace, and ſilent griefs proceed,
Whilſt woes and anguiſh in their boſoms feed;
The hidden tumult gathers by the way,
And burſts at laſt upon the hallow'd clay;
As when the boiſterous winds exert their rage,
And with the ſeas in clamorous fight engage,
The waves with like ſucceſſive motion pour,
Their ſable courſe, and burſt upon the ſhore.

But if ſome virgin, blooming once, and fair,
Her lover's joy, her parents mutual care,
Should, piteous chance! her lovely breath reſign,
And fate, too cruel, mark her for divine,

The mourning train, in deep and plaintive cries,
Pour forth their woes, unknown to mean diſguiſe,
Led on by virgins, ſadly-link'd in pairs,
Once, happy partners of her hopes and fears;
Now, ſtudious to adorn her funeral hearſe,
And o'er the way, the bluſhing flowers diſperſe,
All, all her recent virtues fire their mind,
And in their hearts a painful entrance find,
Belav'd with tears, they proſecute their courſe,
Oppreſs'd with ſighs, and with exclaiming hoarſe,
With ſad reluctance, quit the ſacred ſpot,
Where the ſtill-blooming Julia lies forgot!
Alike the oak, by ſtorms and tempeſts fares,
That high in air, its tow'ring ſummit rears;
Its verdant honours ſtrew the humble ground,
Whilſt plaintive murmurs, from its branches ſound;
Or like ſome vernal flower, of ſhort-liv'd date,
Now born to bloom, and now conſign'd to fate;

When by the traveller's hand, or nipping froſt,
Its beauties fade, and all its ſweets are loſt,
Refreſhing ſweets, once form'd to give delight,
To pleaſe the ſenſe, and gratify the ſight,
One moment gives it to the raptur'd eyes,
When ſcarce poſſeſs'd, it withers, fades, and dies.

But, oh! what eye not froze with cool diſdain,
Can tears ſuppreſs, what breaſt can ſighs refrain?
When her fond lover frantic cries puts forth,
Hangs on the bier, and teſtifies her worth,
Urg'd by the wild attacks of mad deſpair,
He vents his fury on his breaſt, and hair,
Around the coffin'd Corſe, his arms he throws,
With looks that ſpeak the meaſure of his woes,
'Till force at length the piteous ſcene removes,
And tears him ruthleſs, from the maid he loves:

Hard-fated

Hard-fated youth, no favouring hopes ſurvive!
Pallid that cheek, where roſes us'd to live!
No more ſhall chaplets for thy temples grow,
No more the envied laurel grace thy brow,
Fled is thy bloom, thy matchleſs ardour gone,
Which oft at wakes, the rural meed had won,
For ſcarce two moons, he languiſhes and grieves,
One common grave the frozen pair receives;
Still on that grave, with ſorrow let us gaze,
Whilſt virtuous truth and gen'rous love can pleaſe,
Some bounteous hand commemorates the ſpot,
Some letter'd head-ſtone regiſters their lot;
The marble thus, the mournful tale relates,
And as it ſpeaks, the kindred-tear creates.
" Beneath, a coffin'd pair emboſom'd lye,
" They liv'd, and lov'd, united now they die;
" If love was ever to thy boſom dear,
" Oh, ſhed a paſſing, tributary tear!"

Mark,

Mark, with what placid look, becoming air,
The village circle to the church repair,
Yon hallow'd ſpires, that catch a gleam divine,
A ſacred building, a long-worſhipp'd ſhrine,
Where, every ſabbath meet the rural throng,
To praiſe their GOD, with pious heart and ſong;
Whilſt infant children liſp their Maker's fame,
Imperfect praiſes render to his name;
Clean, not ſuperb, with decency they walk,
And of the parſon, and his merit talk,
Commend the righteous zeal with which he trys,
To hold a light to unbelieving eyes,
To deal out comforts by religion given,
And point the road to happineſs and HEAVEN.

The ſervice o'er, how oft with modeſt zeal
I've ſeen them ſeated round their frugal meal?

Their

Their various judgments on the ſermon heard,
And hoary admonition have rever'd;
That counſel, ſure, muſt added wiſdom bring,
Born on the ſtill career of Age's wing,
Experience added to an honeſt heart,
Doth real knowledge to the ſoul impart,
For veneration gives a juſt aſſent,
And quells thoſe paſſions which preſumption lent;
A timid, conſcious want of worth creates,
And the falſe fervour in our veins abates;
Oh, ſacred age! whoſe dictates firm and ſtrong,
Do full conviction bring and truth along,
May youth thy precepts learn, with duteous will,
And from thy maxims, vice contemn and ill,
Shun the broad path, that leads to deep deſpair,
Whilſt pains, nor cares the reverend boſom tear.

Now, Fancy, ſeat me in the lonelier cot,
The ſickly widow's much diſtreſsful lot,
Round whom, in varied forms, deſtruction plays,
And ſports, too cruel, in a thouſand ways,
Where poverty reclines her wretched head,
And want and miſery their tents have ſpread;
Behold her! to a bed of grief confin'd,
Her body ſuffering, ſuffering more her mind,
Her tender offspring round her bed bemoan,
Share all her griefs, and utter groan for groan:
Next ſee the wealthier dame by pity fir'd,
By bounty led, and charity inſpir'd,
See! where in thoughtful mood, ſhe penſive guides
Her ſteps, where humble poverty preſides;
The village pride, the poor man's ſure relief,
Of ready ear, acceſſible to grief;
The widow's tears ſhe charitably dries,
And wipes the trickling rivets from her eyes,

Within

Within her aching frame beſtows content,
That late conſum'd, with want, and pain was ſpent;
A tide of bleſſings proſecutes the deed,
Which Heaven, with int'reſt, rains upon her ſeed;
Reflection ſmiling on her pillow lies,
And lingering angels, wait to cloſe her eyes.

Oh, Charity! than which, no med'cine gives
Such balmy comforts, to delight our lives,
Whoſe laſting ſweets uncommon pleaſures bring,
And from whoſe ſource, perpetual bleſſings ſpring,
Warm'd by whoſe rays, the ſting of death we brave,
And ſmiling, view the terrors of the grave.

How oft, when joy proclaims the nuptial day,
And pairs in numbers, crowd the verdant way,
How oft the jocund train with nimble pace,
And eager ſteps, have ſought the welcom'd place?

Where Chloris, deck'd in all her rural pride,
Expectant ſat, a blooming, beauteous bride;
While gratulation thro' the cottage ran,
Some prais'd the maid, whilſt others prais'd the man;
The virgin bluſh commended as ſhe ſpoke,
Indulg'd the laugh, and crack'd the ſprightly joke;
The parſon come, what joy the cottage fills?
Each greets the man, that reverend truth inſtills,
The curtſy trim, the bow devoid of art,
Ingenuous, ſpeak the feelings of the heart;
The modeſt bride a ſtrange alarm conceives,
Her pulſe quick beats, her boſom gently heaves,
With baſhful eye, that artleſs turns aſide,
Whilſt bluſhes whiſper, what her tongue would hide;
The clean-ſwept hearth, the nicely-ſanded floor,
The burniſh'd ſhelf, the cheſt behind the door,
That heap'd with many a homely preſent ſtands,
A portion, fitted for the bridegroom's hands;

The green partition, wicker'd o'er with art,
The ſwelling jar, that gladſome makes the heart,
The ſeats, on which the youths their loves declare,
All, all proclaim the thrifty houſewife's care;
The knot once tied, freſh kiſſes ſeal the deed,
Whilſt each impreſſion cries agreed, agreed;
The ſweet example fires the bridal throng,
And vows, and kiſſes ſpread themſelves along:
So, in electric trials have I ſeen,
Where many hands, conjointly met have been,
When once the fire hath ſeal'd the crackling kiſs,
And the briſk flame communicated is,
The ſhock once ſuffer'd, ſoon with ſpeed expands,
And pervious paſſage forces thro' the hands.

The cumbrous beef next loads the ſmoaking board,
And viands cull'd from Parſimony's hoard,

The goblet dances in a circle round,
Some laugh, ſome ſing, ſome beat the echoing ground,
But moſt of all, the bride and bridegroom pleaſe,
On whom the gueſts with admiration gaze;
Love in their eyes, and o'er their cheeks by ſtealth,
A rich ſuffuſion, lent by roſy health,
The rapid minutes ſteal unknown away,
'Till night's ſad mantle veils the cloſing day;
On ebon throne, ſhe mounts with duſky head,
And warns the lovers to retire to bed;
Obedient, they the wiſh'd-for minutes waſte,
And real, not fictitious pleaſures taſte.

Happy the maid, thrice happy for the year!
Belov'd by Cupid, as to Hymen dear,
Who e'er the bride has turn'd to ſoft repoſe,
Has felt the myſtic ſtocking* on her cloaths;

Some

* This ceremony is found to vary with the different places where it is performed.

Some favouring Sylph directs it as it flies,
And glads the watchful Amaryllis eyes.
Much envied fair, thy lot too plainly proves,
Each jealous maid the like distinction loves,
Dejected sorrows on their faces sit,
Forc'd are their smiles, affected is their wit.

'Tis morn; the Sun etherial splendour sheds,
The orient dawn a crimson curtain spreads;
Nor yet the atmosphere pervaded quite,
Has own'd its downward, more refulgent light,
Its crooked streams a lucid radiance send,
And heaven-refracted to the earth descend;
Thrice had the village-cock proclaim'd the day,
Celestial fragrance silver'd every way,
From yonder wood, behold the village swain,
With sturdy steps, he measures out the plain,

With

With chearful countenance, his courſe purſues,
Whilſt pearly drops adorn his dew-drunk ſhoes;
Some ſeek to turn the ſod, and wieldy clay,
And ſo diſpenſe the labours of the day,
The healthful morn, the fragrant zephyrs bring
Refreſhing odours, on their ſcented wing,
The earth unlock'd, the raviſh'd ſenſe aſſails,
And lengthen'd minutes on their lives entails;
All, all expreſſive of that bleſs'd retreat,
Where health ambroſial takes her lovely ſeat,
Where Amalthea rareſt gifts beſtows,
And Plenty's tide, in richeſt riv'lets flows,
Where god-like Induſtry hath ſhewn her face,
And golden gifts, hath ſcatter'd o'er the place;
Bleſt place! where Eaſe, on downy pinions born,
Reclines at night, and ſpreads her wings at morn.

Boaſt ye, who in the city ſpend your life,
With pleaſures mad, perplex'd with cares and ſtrife,
Delights, or comforts, parallel to this,
Such pure enjoyments, ſuch intrinſic bliſs?
Far other joys, your anxious boſoms fill,
Your foreign hearts, aſſume a different will;
'Twixt Eaſe, and Luxury, 'twixt Grief, and Care,
And wanton vices, you diſtracted are;
Content once baniſh'd, ſay, ſhall ill-got wealth,
Your conſcience quiet, or reſtore your health?
Whoſe every ſenſe, in diſſipation toſt,
The nobler reliſhes of life has loſt;
Who ſpight of Nature, all its charms can ſlight,
Aſleep by day, who interrupt the night,
When different vices midnight vigils keep,
And blacker make, the time deſigned for ſleep;
Their fruitful progeny, diſeaſe, and death,
Or rudely waft their quick deſtructive breath;

Or, unperceiv'd, advance with gradual pace;
Oh, ſhame to Reaſon! as to Senſe diſgrace!
The ſcene once clos'd, new vices quickly ſpring,
And with their ſteps, pernicious pleaſures bring:
As the rare Phœnix, ſingularly ſtrange,
When Fate hath perfected her mortal change,
The living aſhes quicken into blood,
We ſee a Phœnix, where the former ſtood!

Hapleſs the man, who aims not to be wiſe,
Nor draws the cheating mirror to his eyes;
At diſtance, views the falſe-reflecting glaſs,
Where ſcenes inverted, in their order paſs;
Whoſe life no rules of Nature e'er hath known,
And from whoſe roof, Content hath ever flown;
But whoſe deſires with SELF, and SENSE, abound,
By Wiſdom hated, as by Truth diſown'd,

Who

Who ne'er a ſigh, or wiſh petitions more,
But ſafe conveyance to ſome golden ſhore;
Gold, which with glittering charms and magic might,
Where darkneſs ſat, hath ſubſtituted light,
Poſſeſſion, which how few with prudence ſhare?
Too oft, the treacherous fountain of deſpair.

And muſt we, then, from learning's crowded ſeat,
From gilded domes, and tow'ring ſpires retreat,
Leave the mix'd ſcene, where thouſand artiſts dwell,
To ſeek refinement in an humble cell?
Where Erudition ſeldom ſhews her face,
And ruder principles the taſte debaſe;
Where ſimple Nature, unaſſiſted, reigns,
And rolls her heavy tide within the veins;
Forbid it, gods of ſcientific race!
And you, whoſe preſence dignifies the place;

Forbid

Forbid it, taſte, politeneſs, learning, ſhame,
And, Oh, forbid it, heaven-implanted fame!
But rather let us emulation catch,
And from the peaſant, full perfection ſnatch,
From city tumults, turn our greedy eye,
And learn to live, as we would wiſh to die.

Thrice happy place! where village morals ſhine,
The heart inherit, and the ſoul refine,
Religion, juſtice, piety, live here,
And bounteous charity, with pregnant tear;
No frauds, no rapine, ſtalk with rav'nous pride,
No cruel murder rolls its bloody tide,
But all, is ſweet ſociety, and love,
The heaven-taught leſſon of the gentle dove,
Whoſe tender boſom, breathes no other rage,
For ever whiſpering tranſports in her cage,

No doubtful friendſhip, ſpreads its flatt'ring hook,
No adulation, no obſequious look;
But genuine honour, undiſguis'd and plain,
Speaks thro' the maid, or warms the honeſt ſwain;
But Truth, in native colours, void of art,
Diffuſe their heavenly fervour thro' the heart.

Oh, ſacred TRUTH! of moſt prevailing charms,
How bleſs'd the ſeat, thy genial influence warms,
Where thy pure enſigns, inſtituted ſhine,
And ſtamp a people, with a mark divine,
Whoſe candid ſhrine, no baſe pollution knows,
Where nature dwells, and innocency grows;
My feeble pen, would fain thy worth rehearſe,
And chant thy praiſes, in more poliſh'd verſe,
Grand ſource, beſtowing bleſſings to mankind,
Grace to the ſoul, refinement to the mind.

And thou, ſweet LIBERTY, inſpire my ſong,
Peculiar praiſes to the *ſound* belong,
Whoſe gen'rous tongue a fetter'd ſpeech diſdains,
But ſweetly utters unaffected ſtrains;
Propitious, on thy favourite iſle look down,
From whom thy genius never yet hath flown,
Let no ideal form, in Freedom's guiſe,
Miſlead the vulgar, or deceive the wiſe,
Securely boaſt, what bribes and power can do,
And what baſe minds, for hire, can undergo.

FREEDOM, alas! thou much perverted name,
The ſudden tranſport of a wanton flame,
Which oft to madneſs, with the vulgar turns,
And with inconſtant agitation burns;
The man who pleas'd, how oft his premium ſcorn,
The evening hero, trampled on at morn,

Teach

Teach us, with true diſcerning minds to know,
The real fount, whence patriot virtues flow;
Convinc'd, that Freedom properly we ſee,
When King, and People's ſentiments agree,
When due obedience to the laws is paid,
And juſt dependance in each order made;
And, oh! if any courts the Patriot's name,
And virtue-hurry'd, pants for deathleſs fame,
Warm'd with his country's zeal, undaunted ſtands,
And braves the fury of contending hands;
Oh, heap on him, your envied gifts, nor ſpare
Your laviſh honours, on ſo bright a care,
Exalt him ſtill, 'till nought remains to crown
Thoſe labours, which his country caus'd alone;
But if, regardleſs of the common weal,
He wears an odious, hypocritic veil,
If deaf to virtue, and his country's love,
His tongue, nor truth, nor honour can approve;

Oh!

Oh! ſpeed your thunder, on Perdition's wing,
And cruſh the wretch, that would traduce his King;
The People, who'd in Error's footſteps lead,
And point deſtruction, at his rebel head.

Accept, dear GOLDSMITH, theſe unfeigned lines,
Whoſe honeſt breaſt, no thought but truth confines,
Portray'd in whoſe inimitable page,
The Patriot glows, with more than common rage;
To thee, unfledg'd, my tender muſe would ſoar,
Secur'd of thine, what praiſes wiſh I more,
Whoſe penſive ruins, ſadly-colour'd tell
That once, a people happily did dwell,
Whoſe defart waſte, and unfrequented ſpot,
Proclaim a Village* loſt, forlorn, forgot:

So

* Alluding to Doctor GOLDSMITH's *Deſerted Village*, ſome ſhort time after the publication of which, this Poem appeared in London.

So ſome tall monument of letter'd fame,
Records a brave commander's deathleſs name ;
Warns us how many battles he has won,
And regions travell'd with the journeying ſun ;
With grief the ſpeaking monument we leave,
And wiſh to ſnatch the Hero from the grave.

FINIS.

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MAY